

In the Bishop's Carriage

By MIRIAM NICHOLSON

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I didn't answer. I put my head back against the cushions and closed my eyes. I could feel the scrutiny of his blue eyes on my naked face—your face is so unprotected with the eyes closed; like a fort whose battery is withdrawn. But I was tired—it tires you when you care. A year ago, Mag, this sort of thing—the risk, the nearness to danger, the chances one way or the other—would have intoxicated me. I used to feel as though I was dancing on a volcano and daring it to explode. The more twistings and turnings there were to the labyrinth, the greater glory it was to get out. Maggie, darling, you have before you a mournful spectacle—the degeneration of Nancy Olden. It isn't that she's lost courage. It's only that she used to be able to think of only one thing, and now—What do you suppose it is, Mag? If you know, don't you dare to tell me.

When we got to the flat Obermuller was already there. At the door I pulled out my key and opened it with a flourish.

"Won't you come in, gentlemen, and spend the evening?" I asked.

They followed me in. First to the parlor. The two fellows threw off their coats and searched that through and through—not a drawer did they miss, not a bit of furniture did they fail to move. Obermuller and I sat there gazing at them as they pried about in their shirt-sleeves. That Trust business has taken the life out of him of late. All their tricks, all their squeezings, their cheatings, their bossings and bragging and bullying have got on to his nerves till he looks like a chained bear getting a drubbing. And he swears that they're in a conspiracy to freeze him and a few others like him out; he believes there's actually a paper in existence that would prove it. But this affair of the purse seemed to excite him till he behaved like a had schoolboy.

And I? Well, Nancy Olden was never far behind at the Cruelty when there was anything going on. We trailed after them, and when they'd finished with the bedrooms—yours and mine—I asked the big fellow to come into the kitchen with Mr. O—and me, while the blue-eyed detective tackled the dining-room, and I'd get up a lunch for us all.

Mag, you should have seen Fred Obermuller with a big apron on him, dressing the salad while I was making sandwiches. The Cruelty taught me how to cook, even if it did teach me other things. You wouldn't have believed that the Trust had got him by the throat, and was choking the last breath out of him. You wouldn't have believed that our salaries hadn't been paid for three weeks, that our houses were dwindling every night, that—

I was thinking about it all there in the back of my head, trying to see a way out of it—you know if there is such an agreement as Obermuller swears there is, it's against the law—while we rattled on, the two of us, like a couple of children on a picnic, when I heard a crash behind me.

The salad bowl had slipped from Obermuller's fingers. He stood with his back turned to me, his eyes fixed upon that searching detective. But he wasn't searching any more, Mag. He was standing still as a pointer that's scented game. He had moved the lounge out from the wall, and there on the floor, spread open where it had fallen, lay a handsome elephant-skin purse, with gold corners. From where I stood, Mag, I could read the plain gold lettering on the dark leather. I didn't have to move. It was plain enough—quite plain.

MRS. EDWARD RAMSAY.
Hush, hush, Mag: If you take on so, how can I tell you the rest?

Obermuller got in front of me, as I started to walk into the dining-room. I don't know what his idea was. I don't suppose he does exactly—if it wasn't to spare me the sight of that damned thing.

Oh how I hated it, that purse! I hated it as if it had been something alive that could be glad of what it had done. I wished it was alive that I could tear and rend it and stamp on it and throw it in a fire, and drag it out again, with burned and bleeding nails, to tear it again and again. I wanted to fall on it and hide it; to stamp it down—down into the very bottom of the earth, where it could feel the hell it was making for me.

But I only stood there, stupidly looking at it, having pushed past Obermuller, as though I never wanted to see anything else.

And then I heard that blue-eyed fellow's words.

"Well," he said, pulling on his coat as though he'd done a good day's work, "I guess you'd just better come along with me."

CHAPTER XI.
DON'T you think you'd better get out of this?" I asked Obermuller, as he came into the station a few minutes after I got there.

"No."

"Because?"

"Because it won't do you any good to have your name mixed up with a thing like this."

"But it might do you some good."

I didn't answer for a minute after that. I sat in my chair, my eyes bent on the floor. I counted the cracks between the chair and the floor of the office where the chief was busy with another case. I counted them six times, back and forth, till my eyes

were clear and my voice was steady. "You're awfully good," I said, looking up at him as he stood by me. "You're the best fellow I ever knew. I didn't know men could be so good to women. But you'd better go—please. It'll be bad enough when the papers get hold of this, without having them lump you in with a bad lot like me."

He put his hand on my shoulder and gave it a quick little shake. "Don't say that about yourself. You're not a bad lot."

"But—you saw the purse."

"Yes, I saw it. But it hasn't proved anything to me but this: you're innocent, Nancy, or you're crazy. If it's the first, I want to stand by you, little girl. If it's the second—good God! I've got to stand by you harder than ever."

"Can you see me sitting there, Mag, in the bright, bare little room, with its electric lights, still in my white dress and big white hat, my pretty jacket fallen on the floor beside me? I could feel the sharp blue eyes of that detective Morris feeding on my miserable face. But I could feel, too, a warmth like wine poured into me from that big fellow's voice."

I put my hand up to him and he took it.

"If I'm innocent and can prove it, Fred Obermuller, I'll get even with you for—"

"Do you want to do something for me now?"

"Do?"

"Well, if you want to help me, don't sit there looking like the criminal ghost of the girl I know."

The blood rushed to my face. Nancy Olden, a sniveling coward! Me, showing the white feather—me, whimpering like a whipped puppy—me—Nancy Olden!

"You know," I smiled up at him, "I never did enjoy getting caught."

"Hush! But that's better."

Tell me now—"

A buzzer sounded. The blue-eyed detective got up and came over to me.

"Chief's ready," he said. "This way."

They stopped Obermuller at the door. But he pushed past them.

"I want to say just a word to you, chief," he said. "You remember me, I'm Obermuller of the Vaudeville. If you'll send those fellows out and let me speak to you just a moment, I'll leave you alone with Miss Olden."

The chief nodded to the blue-eyed detective, and he and the other fellow went out and shut the door behind them.

"I want simply to call your attention to the absurdity and unreasonableness of this thing," Obermuller said, leaning up against the chief's desk, while he threw out his left hand, with that big open gesture of his, and to ask you to bear in mind, no matter what appearances may be, that Miss Olden is the most talented girl on the stage to-day; that in a very short time she will be at the top; that just now she is not suffering for lack of money; that she's not a high-roller, but a determined, hard-working little grind, and that if she did feel like taking a plunge, she knows that she could get all she wants from me even—"

"Even if you can't pay salaries when they're due, Obermuller." The chief grinned under his white mustache.

"Even though the Trust is pushing me to the wall; going to such lengths that they're liable criminally as well as civilly, if I could only get my hands on proof of their rascality. It's true I can't pay salaries always when they're due, but I can still raise a few hundred to help a friend. And Miss Olden is a friend of mine. If you can prove that she took this money, you prove only that she's gone mad, but you don't—"

"All right, Obermuller. You're not the lawyer for the defense. That'll come later—if it does come. I'll be glad to bear in mind all you've said, and much that you haven't."

"Thank you. Good night. . . I'll wait for you, Nancy, outside."

"I'm going to ask you a lot of questions, Miss Olden," the old chief said, when we were alone. "Sit here, please. Morris tells me you've got more nerve than any woman that's ever come before me, so I needn't bother to reassure you. You don't look like a girl that's easily frightened. I have heard how you danced in the lobby of the Manhattan, and how you gazed him at your flat, and were getting lunch and having a regular picnic of a time when—"

"When he found that purse."

"Exactly. Now, why did you do all that?"

"Why? Because I felt like it. I felt gay and excited and—"

"Not dreaming that that purse was sure to be found?"

"Not dreaming that there was such a purse in existence except from the detective's say-so, and never fancying for an instant that it would be found in my flat."

"Hm!" He looked at me from under his heavy, wrinkled old lids. "You don't get nice eyes from looking on the nasty things in this world, Mag."

"Why," I cried, "what kind of a girl could cut up like that when she was on the very edge of discovery?"

"A very smart girl—an actress; a good one; a clever thief who's used to bluffing. Of course," he added, softly, "you won't misunderstand me. I'm simply suggesting the different kinds of girl that could have done what you did. But, if you don't mind, I'll do the questioning. Nancy Olden, he turned suddenly on me, his manner changed and threatening, "what has become of that \$300?"

"Mr. Chief, you know just as much about that as I do."

I threw up my head and looked him full in the face. It was over now—the shivering and trembling and fearing. Nancy Olden's not a coward when she's fighting for her freedom; and fighting alone without any sympathizing friend to weaken her.

He returned the look with interest. "I may know," he said, insinuatingly.

"Possibly," I shrugged my shoulder.

Eminent Doctors Praise Its Ingredients.

We refer to that boon to weak, nervous, suffering women known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. John E. Fyfe, one of the Editorial Staff of THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL REVIEW says of Unicorn root (Helonius Diosa) which is one of the chief ingredients of the "Favorite Prescription":

"A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator. . . makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system. . . He continues: 'In Helonius we have a medicinal agent which more fully answers the above purposes than any other drug with which I am acquainted. In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedial agent.' Dr. Fyfe further says: 'The following are among the leading indications for Helonius: Unicorn root. Pain or aching in the back, with leucorrhoea; atonic (weak) conditions of the reproductive organs of women, mental depression and irritability, associated with chronic diseases of the reproductive organs of women, constant sensation of heat in the region of the kidneys; menorrhagia (bleeding), due to a weakened condition of the reproductive system; amenorrhoea, suppressed or absent monthly periods, arising from or accompanying an abnormal condition of the reproductive organs and anemic (thin blood) habit; dragging sensations in the extreme lower part of the abdomen.'"

If more or less of the above symptoms are present, no invalid woman can do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one of the leading ingredients of which is Unicorn root, or Helonius, and the medicinal properties of which it most faithfully represents.

Of Golden Seal root, another prominent ingredient of "Favorite Prescription," Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says:

"It is an important remedy in disorders of the womb, in all catarrhal conditions, and general enfeeblement, it is useful."

Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati, says of Golden Seal root:

"In relation to its general effects on the system, there is no medicine in use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion. It is universally regarded as the tonic useful in all debilitated states."

Prof. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, says of Golden Seal:

"Valuable in uterine hemorrhages, menorrhagia (bleeding) and congestive dysmenorrhea (painful menstruation)."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription faithfully represents all the above named ingredients and cures the diseases for which they are recommended.

ders.

No, it wasn't put on. There never yet was a man who bullied me that didn't rouse the fighter in me. I swore to myself that this old thief-catcher shouldn't rattle me.

"Doesn't it occur to you that under the circumstances a full confession

might be the very best thing for you? I shouldn't wonder if these people would be inclined to be lenient with you if you'd return the money. Doesn't it occur—"

"It might occur to me if I had anything to confess—about this purse."

"How long since you've seen Mrs. Edward Ramsay?" He rushed the question at me.

I jumped.

"How do you know I've ever seen her?"

"I do know you have."

"I don't believe you."

"Thank you, neither do I believe you, which is more to the point. Come, answer the question: how long is it since you have seen the lady?"

I looked at him. And then I looked at my glove, and slowly pulled the fingers inside out, and then—then I giggled. Suddenly it came to me—that silly, little insane dodge of mine in the bishop's carriage that day; the girl who had lost her name; and the use all that affair might be to me if ever—

"I'll tell you if you'll let me think a minute," I said, sweetly. "It—it must be all of 15 months."

"Ah! You see I did know that you've met the lady. If you're wise you'll draw deductions as to other things I know that you don't think I do. . . And where did you see her?"

"In her own home."

"Called there," he sneered, "alone?"

"No," I said, very gently. "I went there, to the best of my recollection, with the bishop—yes, it was the bishop, Bishop Van Wageningen."

I indeed.

I could see that he didn't believe a word I was saying, which made me happily eager to tell him more.

"Yes, we drove up to the square one afternoon in the bishop's carriage—the fat, plum-colored one, you know. We had tea there—at least, I did. I was to have spent the night, but—"

"That's enough of that."

I chuckled. Yes, Mag Monahan, I was enjoying myself. I was having a run for my money, even if it was the last run I was to have.

"So it's 15 months since you've seen Mrs. Ramsay, eh?"

"Yes."

He turned on me with a roar.

"And yet it's only a week since you saw her at Mrs. Gates'?"

"Oh, no."

"Not Take care!"

"That night at Mrs. Gates' it was dark, you know, in the front room. I didn't see Mrs. Ramsay that night. I didn't know she was there at all till—"

"Till?"

"Till later I was told."

"Who told you?"

"Her husband."

He threw down his pencil.

(To Be Continued.)

Canada is larger than the United States by 250,000 square miles.

REMOVE GARBAGE UNDER CONTRACT

Plan of City and Bids Will Be Invited.

Householders Must Provide Themselves With Cans for Refuse—To Build Plant.

WOULD DESTROY THE WEEDS.

The board of health will advertise, in a few days, for bids for the collection and daily disposal of all the garbage in the city.

Under a scheme to be put into operation by the board, all householders will be requested to provide garbage cans, and these will be gathered every day and the garbage disposed of.

It was the intention to start the work the first of July, but several things caused the delay, but it will be put into operation now at once.

"Next year," said a member of the board today, "we shall construct an incinerator, and burn the garbage. We shall begin operation early in the spring and by summer will have the entire city in a first class, sanitary condition."

The board requests every one who is not provided with a garbage can to secure one at once, so as to make the work as effective as possible.

The Weed Nuisance.

Another matter that is holding the attention of the members of the board of health is the destruction of weeds on vacant lots in the city. Attempts frequently have been made to eradicate the weed evil, but so far without avail.

Said a member:

"The board of health will attempt again to have weeds cut. Weeds are breeders of disease, especially when they have gone to seed and the smell of them in the hot sun is unpleasant. In some places neighbors have had weeds cut in vacant lots belonging to other persons, because they became such a nuisance."

If we can secure the co-operation of the executive department we will have something done."

B. P. O. E.

In Memory of the Late Judge D. L. Sanders.

It is with feelings of profound sorrow that we realize that death has claimed one of our noblest and our best. Every member of Paducah lodge, No. 217, B. P. O. E., deeply and truly regrets the loss of our honored and faithful brother, Judge D. L. Sanders. He was indeed an ideal citizen, a capable and just judge, a loyal friend and a noble brother Elk.

Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, and Fidelity, the grand principles of our order, were strongly exemplified in his every thought and act. Fidelity and Brotherly Love were implanted in his very nature, while Charity and Justice—Justice tempered with Mercy—were the prominent and edifying characteristics of his every-day life.

His broad liberality, his genial good nature, his warm friendship and his finely cultivated mind made him the admired and beloved of all who knew him best. "The man dies but his memory lives." That the name of Brother D. L. Sanders will ever occupy the fairest spot in memory's waste is the fond wish of every Paducah Elk. Let us treasure in our hearts his numerous virtues and noble qualities and ever try to emulate them, and thus keep his memory green in our souls.

Resolved, That we tender to his beloved and sorrowing family the sincere sympathy of Paducah lodge 217, with a copy of this humble tribute to the memory of our departed brother, and also that it be made a part of our records and be published in the daily papers.

ROY S. DAWSON.

A. W. GREIF.

JOHN J. DORIAN.

Committee.

Three United States senators are worth more than \$10,000,000. They are William A. Clark, of Montana; Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia; and Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island.

FANS TO RESCUE OF CAIRO'S TEAM

Sister City Will Remain In The Kitty League.

Money Enough Subscribed to Carry Boys Through the Season—Tickets Sold.

SPORTING BLOOD IS SHOWN.

The undertaker was cheated out of a job in Cairo yesterday when Old Sport Baseball did the Phoenix stunt.

The dead has arisen and the fans in Cairo are rejoicing. Healthy, wealthy sports came to the rescue and yesterday just as the ashes of King Baseball were being lowered into the grave, the lid was thrust up and the resurrection occurred.

To Paducah fans it will look like a wise ruse, but anyway, the means adopted served to attain the desired end and the Kitty league will not be "busted." The Cairo Bulletin has this to say of the situation:

"Rather than to see the team go down and out after its brave struggle for existence, the men dug, started a popular subscription which grew with such surprising success that by afternoon a fund sufficient to insure a long and prosperous life to the local team had been raised."

"Large contributions" were freely given and in a manner which clearly shows the loyal and enterprising spirit which is uppermost in the hearts of Cairo's citizens and business men.

"In addition to the amount raised yesterday the Commercial club committee will today again start selling the dollar benefit tickets and soliciting additional subscriptions. Yesterday all the money necessary to pay the expenses the remainder of the season, in addition to the average receipts was raised with the exception of about \$200. It is not expected that there will be any difficulty experienced in securing this amount."

"Only two players were sold and it is expected that arrangements can be made to retain them."

"Harold Betts, who was formerly in the Kitty league and who has since been making good in the Pacific Coast league, has been signed and will report in a few days. Searles and Wagner have gone to their homes for a rest but will rejoin the team in a week."

Resolution to direct Board of Health to contract for disposition of garbage and refuse matter.

Whereas, there is now no adequate way or method in use to dispose of the garbage and refuse matter of the city, and,

Whereas, it is deemed to be the best interest of the health of the citizens to immediately make arrangements to dispose of same, now, therefore,

Be it resolved, That the Board of Health of the City of Paducah be directed and empowered to advertise for bids, and pursuant thereto, to let to the lowest and best bidder a contract from the first day of June to the first day of October, 1936, to dispose of and clean the city of all garbage and refuse matter of any kind during said period; the contractor awarded said contract to be paid monthly by the City of Paducah according to his contract, and all of said work to be done under the general supervision and control of the Board of Health.

Provided that no contract made under this resolution shall be binding until same is ratified by the General Council.

Approved July 12, 1936.

D. A. YEISER, Mayor.

Attest: HENRY BAILEY, Clerk.

THE SMILE

That won't come off appears on baby's face after one bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge, the great worm medicine. Why not keep that smile on baby's face. If you keep this medicine on hand you will never see anything else smile on his face. May 8—Blackwell, Okla., writes: "My baby was peevish and fretful. Would not eat and I feared he would die. I used a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge and he has not had a sick day since."

Sold by all druggists.

Big Fire at Tilden.

Fire destroyed one block at Tilden, Perry county, Ill., near Pinkneyville. Wednesday night, with a loss of about \$20,000. Several residences, three saloons and several business houses were destroyed.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Was a man who, against all odds, attained the highest honor a man could get in the United States. Ballards Forehand and Syrup has attained a place never equaled by any other like remedy. It is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, and all Pulmonary Diseases. Every mother should keep supplied with this wonderful cough medicine.

Sold by all druggists.

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PADUCAH, 312-316 Broadway, and BASHVILLE

27 Colleges in 15 States have POSITIONS secured or money REFUNDED. Also teach BY MAIL. Catalogue will convince you that Draughon's is THE BEST. Call or send for

20 Pounds fine Granulated Sugar \$1.09	LANE'S Saturday Specials	10 Pounds Boiling Bacon 50c
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WE lead in saving you money. Just glance over these prices and note how much lower than those asked elsewhere, and that's why this is the busiest grocery in Paducah.

PATENT FLOUR	NEW POTATOES	LARD
Northern wheat, milled from selected hard wheat Barrel \$5; Sack 65c	Large new mealy stock, pk. 20 Cents	Nice and white for cooking pound 10c
Cream Laundry Soap, 30 bars for Family Vinegar, full quart bottle Fancy Mexican Lemons, per doz. Our Delicatessen Department carries the largest assortment of cooked foods in the city. Icing Teas, India, Ceylon or English Breakfast, from 6c to Breakfast Bacon, nice lean strip, from 5 to 8 lbs. Seeded Raisins, big pkg. for	50c 10c 20c \$1.00 17c 10c	Pack Salt for freezing Ice Cream, 25 lbs. for Best straight Flour, per sack 60c, per barrel Dr. Price's Ice Cream Sugars, all flavors and colors, per pkg. New York double cream cheese, per lb. Fancy Fig Bar Cakes, per lb. Fresh Roasted Cafe Special 2 lbs. for Seeded Currants, p-und package.
		20c \$4.25 15c 20c 12c 25c 10c

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Both Phones 805. 113 South Second St.



One Large Berry Nappy
Six Fruit Saucers to Match

500 Berry Sets on sale Saturday, made of clear crystal glass, cut glass pattern, for the set. **25c**